

At the End by Tea_For_One_Please

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Apocalypse, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Angst, Established Relationship, M/M, One Shot, Sad Ending

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-07-16

Updated: 2021-07-16

Packaged: 2022-03-31 11:10:28

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 441

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Six months ago, the last line of defence fell. The Gate never closed, and the Mind Flayer never left. Now, the Shadow's demodogs have migrated across the world.

With no force powerful enough to oppose the deadly threat, the last scattered remnants of humanity are simply waiting for the end.

At the End

Author's Note:

I'm not usually a 'sad ending' guy, but I have no inspiration for my feel-good stories this week.

I also have no plans to follow this up, for obvious reasons.

The trees sit still and silent, last night's rain dripping gently from their high boughs onto the fallen leaves below, scattered around their roots by the spring storms. Will always hoped it would be stormy at the end, so that he wouldn't hear them coming. A wry smile almost cracks his exhausted face. Even now, he still can't get what he wants.

Mike sinks onto the damp tree trunk next to him, toppled by the wind, and sighs as he slips a hand absently into Will's. They don't talk much these days. Faced with the fall of everything, there's not much to say, and besides, it's generally safer to stay quiet. Not that it matters now.

Even the radio stations have shut down. Population numbers are dwindling daily, and it's not like there's news anymore. A low, distant screech echoes over the treetops, and Will shivers, even though the sound is at least a couple of miles away. He knows the sound, though – it's the sound of a kill.

No one could stop the beasts – the army, the special government forces... not even El. They were too strong, and too many. At least once a day, Will thinks he catches a glimpse of one of them out of the corner of his eye, but by the time he looks, there's nothing. He privately wonders if they're being toyed with, like a cat pretending to release its prey, only to hold a paw over the mouse's tail as it flees.

"We should rest," Mike says quietly, and Will nods, folding his coat more tightly around himself as he and Mike nestle themselves into a bed of stale leaves behind the fallen tree. Mike automatically opens his arms, inviting Will to bury his face against his chest. They used to sleep in shifts, keeping watch for the demodogs, but after a month or

so, Mike gravely pointed out that there was little point to this.

Since then, it's always remained unspoken between them that they'd rather die while they were sleeping.

"What do you think happens?" Will asks, his voice barely more than a whisper, rough from lack of use. "At the end?"

He feels Mike shrug. "Something good, I hope." A pause. "Somewhere warm." Will nods against Mike's chest, lost for words once more.

A gentle drumming sound, and the splash of cool water against his head, tell him that it's raining again, and a distant rumble of thunder, echoing across the valley, almost drowns out the beasts' screeches, louder than before. Will closes his eyes and clings to Mike a little more tightly. Perhaps he'll get his final wish after all.

Author's Note:

Please do let me know your thoughts, either in a comment or on Tumblr (@tea-for-one-please)!